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TM
TERRY
MOORE
TERRY MOORE '96
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LADY SUPREME™

DIE AND LET DIE

CHAPTER ONE: WORLD WITHOUT PITY

Writer
Terry Moore

Penciler
Craig Wagner & Deodato Studios

Inks
Jon Sibal

Colors
Laura Penton

Color Separations
Quantum Color FX

Letterer
Kurt Hathaway

Assistant Editor
Brent Braun

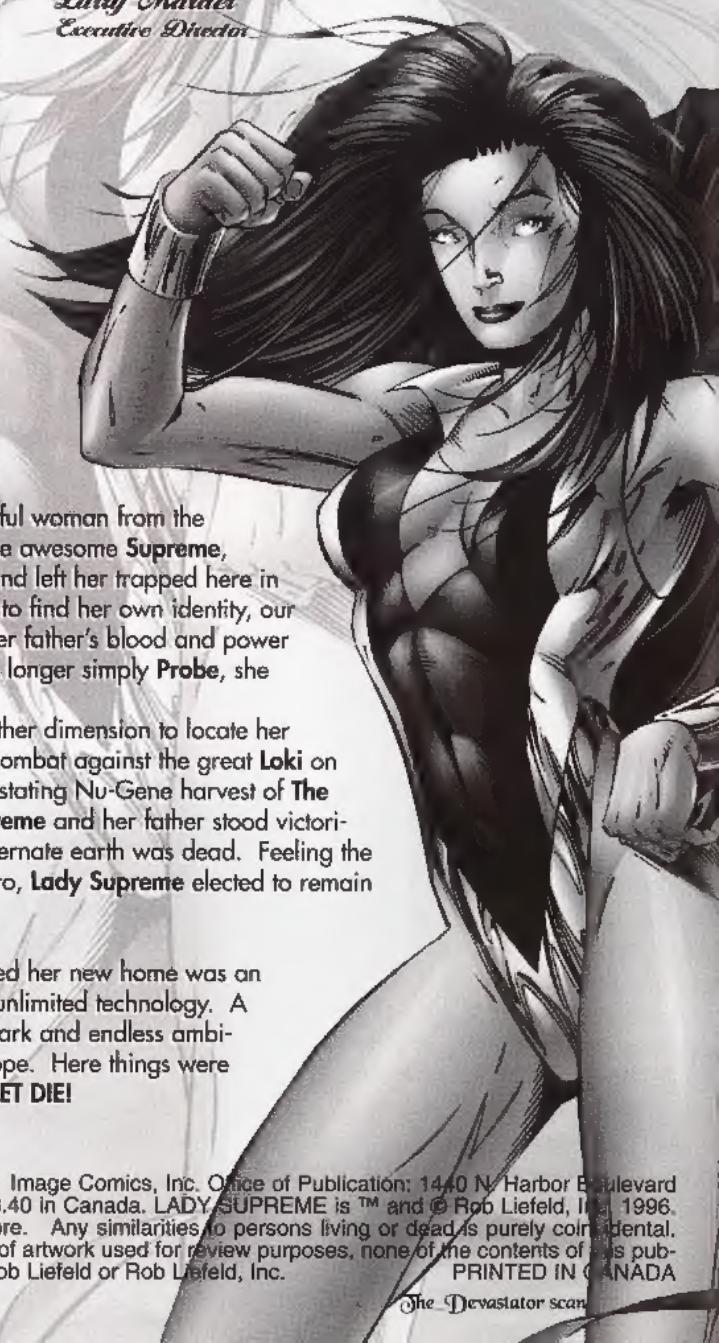
Editor
Eric Stephenson

Lady Supreme Created By
Rob Liefeld

For Extreme Studios
Cheri Liefeld
Business Manager
R. Matthew Hawkins
Promotions & Marketing

For Image Comics
Larry Marder
Executive Director

Quantum Color FX is :
Robert Chong, Rony Chun
Un Hui , Nany & Edwin



Story So Far

Once she was known as **Probe**, a beautiful woman from the future with psionic powers. A genetic spawn of the awesome **Supreme**, her valiant battles led her to our earth, our time, and left her trapped here in the form of a man, the **Supreme** man. Struggling to find her own identity, our hero finally regained her female form but found her father's blood and power now truly coursing through her veins. She was no longer simply **Probe**, she was reborn. She was, **Lady Supreme**!

As **Lady Supreme**, she journeyed to another dimension to locate her father and found herself alongside him in mortal combat against the great **Loki** on an alternate earth that had fallen prey to the devastating Nu-Gene harvest of **The Keep**. When the battle was done, only **Lady Supreme** and her father stood victorious. The Supreme who had once guarded this alternate earth was dead. Feeling the need of an oppressed civilization robbed of its hero, **Lady Supreme** elected to remain on this earth and serve the people in this place.

But that was **last** week.

That was before **Lady Supreme** discovered her new home was an angry planet feeding on the greed and hatred of unlimited technology. A world where human life was of little value to the dark and endless ambitions of those in power. A wold almost beyond hope. Here things were different. Here, the rules were simple...**DIE AND LET DIE!**

LADY SUPREME™ Volume I, Number 1 May 1996. Image Comics, Inc. Office of Publication: 1440 N. Harbor Boulevard Suite 305, Fullerton, California 92635. $2..50 U.S./$3.40 in Canada. LADY SUPREME is ™ and © Rob Liefeld, Inc. 1996. All Rights Reserved. COFFIN is ™ and © Terry Moore. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Artwork © Rob Liefeld, Inc. 1996. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Rob Liefeld or Rob Liefeld, Inc.

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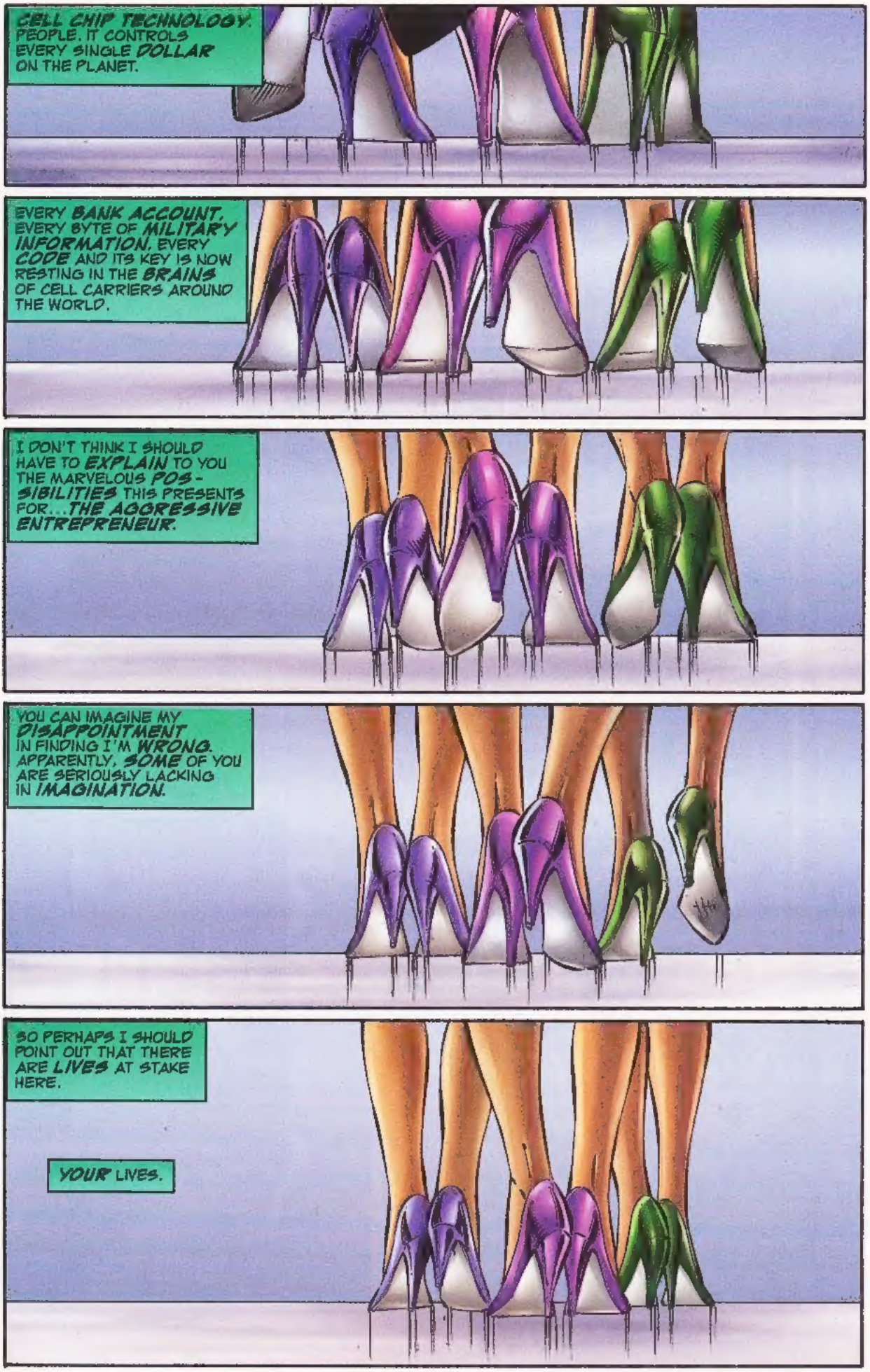
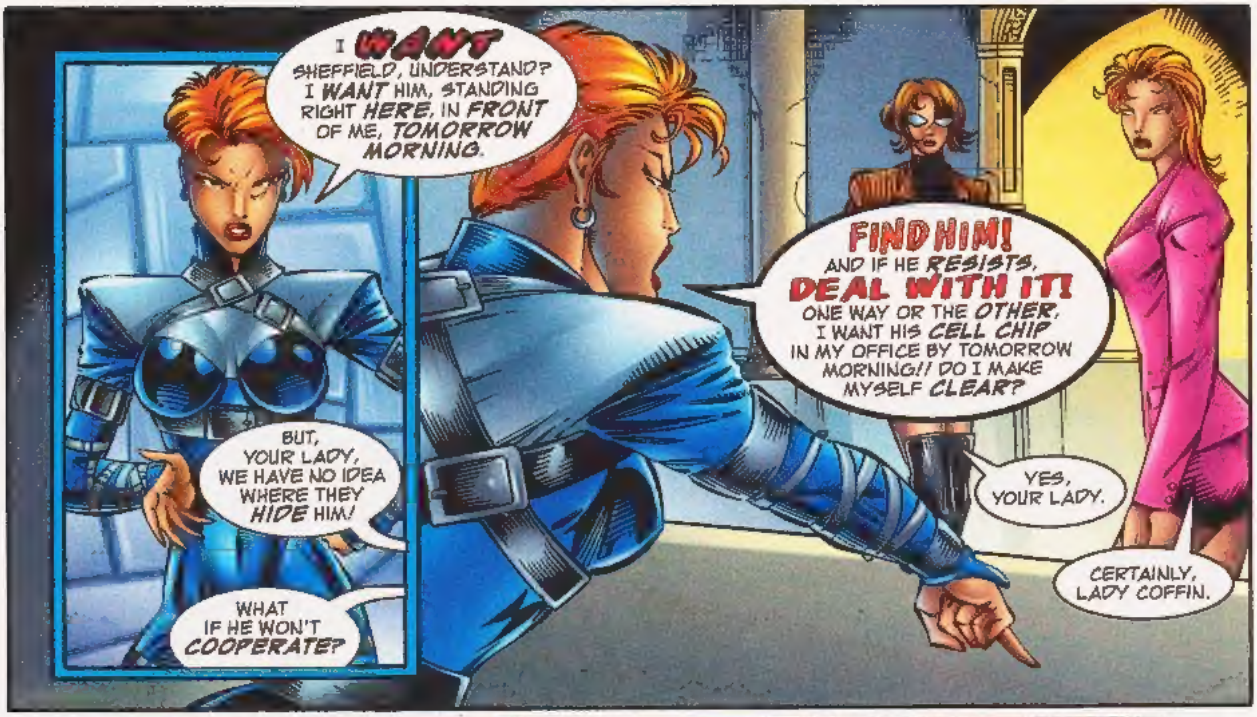
The Devastator scan


CELL CHIP TECHNOLOGY. PEOPLE. IT CONTROLS EVERY SINGLE DOLLAR ON THE PLANET.
EVERY BANK ACCOUNT, EVERY BYTE OF MILITARY INFORMATION, EVERY CODE AND ITS KEY IS NOW RESTING IN THE BRAINS OF CELL CARRIERS AROUND THE WORLD.
I DON'T THINK I SHOULD HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO YOU THE MARVELOUS POS-SIBILITIES THIS PRESENTS FOR...THE AGGRESSIVE ENTREPRENEUR.
YOU CAN IMAGINE MY DISAPPOINTMENT IN FINDING I'M WRONG. APPARENTLY, SOME OF YOU ARE SERIOUSLY LACKING IN IMAGINATION.
SO PERHAPS I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT THERE ARE LIVES AT STAKE HERE.
YOUR LIVES.

DANIEL, WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE US AN UPDATE ON THE EUROPEAN BONDS?
UH... STATUS QUO FROM YESTERDAY, LADY COFFIN.
MEANING?
WELL, UH...
MEANING?!
NO CHANGE... YOUR LADY.
MY POINT EXACTLY.

YOUR LADY, PLEASE... IT'S ONLY BEEN A FEW HOURS SINCE WE FIRST LEARNED OF THIS OPPORTUNITY!
SEVENTEEN HOURS, MR. DANIEL! SEVENTEEN HOURS!!
AN ETERNITY IN CELLSPACE!
SNAP!
FZZNNN
Y-YOUR LADY, PLEASE! I-I NEED MORE TIME! JUST A FEW HOURS MORE!
I'M AFRAID YOUR CONCEPT OF TIME HAS PROVEN TO BE RATHER EXPENSIVE, MR. DANIEL.
AND SOMEWHAT FATAL.
SNAP!
ZZZAP!
PHTPLAUGH*

I FEEL THE STAIN OF DANIEL'S BLOOD WHIP ACROSS MY LEGS. BUT I STAND MOTIONLESS, CALM. I SEE NO REASON TO INTERFERE.
MARSINI, YOU HAVE JUST BEEN PROMOTED TO OVERSEE THE EUROPEAN BONDS. I WOULD LIKE A PROGRESS REPORT BY THE END OF THE DAY.
YES, YOUR LADY. THANK YOU.
WELL, NOW THAT WE HAVE THE MOTIVATIONAL PORTION OF THE MEETING OUT OF THE WAY, LET'S DISCUSS A LITTLE BUSINESS, SHALL WE?
I THINK YOU ALL KNOW THAT COFFIN INDUSTRIES IS NOT JUST THE LEADING DEVELOPER IN ORGANIC TECHNOLOGY, WE'VE ACTUALLY MADE GREAT STRIDES IN CYBOTIC - AMBIOSIS.
WE ARE THIS CLOSE TO REGENERATING CELL TISSUE THROUGH CYBOTIC FLUSHING.
BUT OUR PROCEDURE DOESN'T ALLOW FOR ANY VARIATION IN GENETICS. AN AREA ROBERT SHEFFIELD HAS APPARENTLY RESOLVED IN HIS WORK FOR THE BECKER CORPORATION.


I WANT SHEFFIELD, UNDERSTAND? I WANT HIM, STANDING RIGHT HERE, IN FRONT OF ME, TOMORROW MORNING.
BUT, YOUR LADY, WE HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THEY HIDE HIM!
WHAT IF HE WON'T COOPERATE?
FIND HIM! AND IF HE RESISTS, DEAL WITH IT! ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, I WANT HIS CELL CHIP IN MY OFFICE BY TOMORROW MORNING!! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?
YES, YOUR LADY.
CERTAINLY, LADY COFFIN.

YOU! WHO ARE YOU? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE! WHO LET YOU IN HERE?

I'M WITH HER.

YOUR LADY! I'VE NEVER...
SEIZE HER!

STAND BACK!
OR FEEL THE WRATH OF...

...LADY SUPREME!

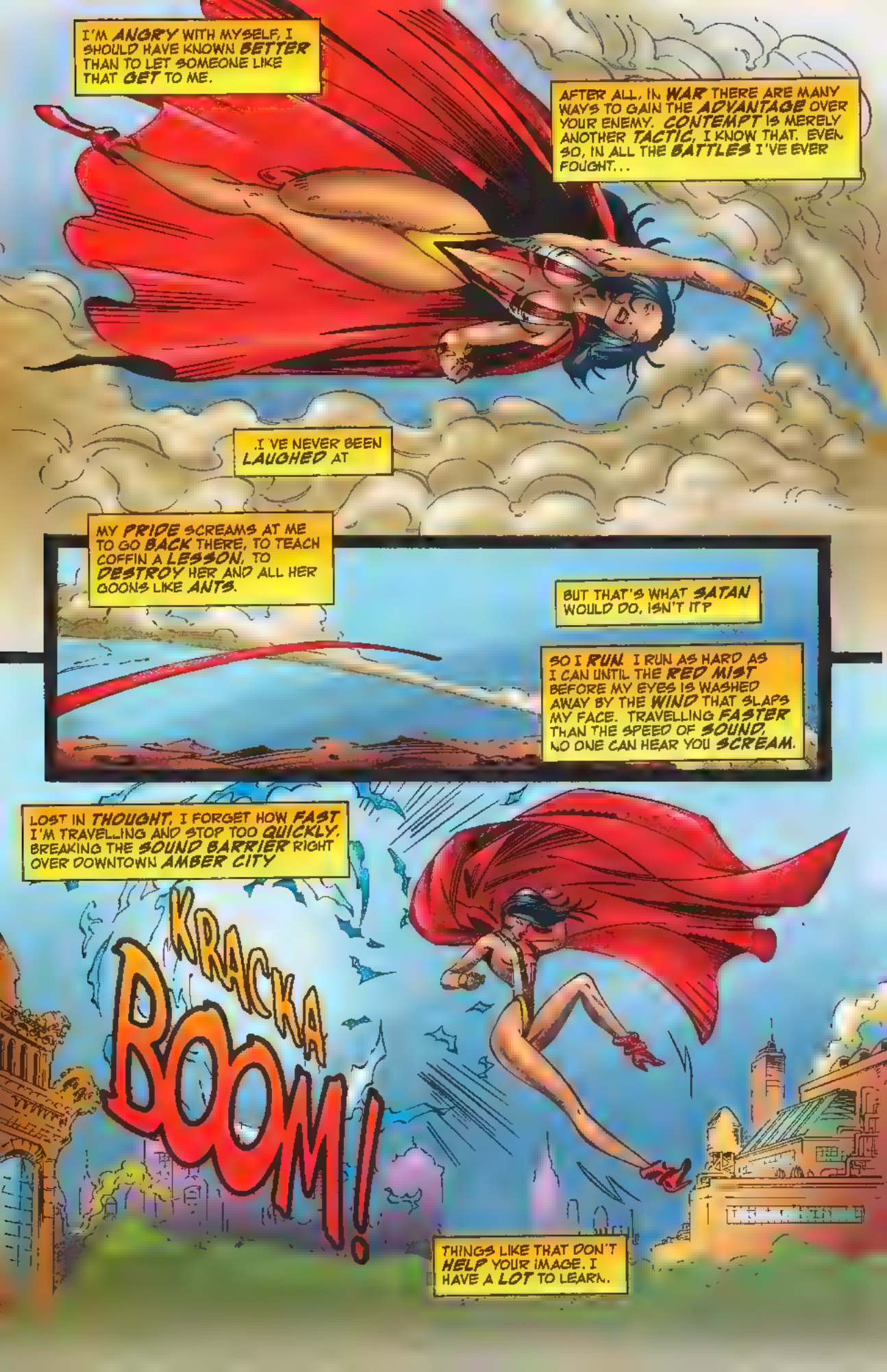
SUPREME? WASN'T HE THE IMBECILE BLOWN TO BITS ABOVE THE CITY LAST MONTH?*
*Supreme #39 -o.s.
THE VIEW HAS CERTAINLY IMPROVED, THOUGH.
BRIDLE YOUR MOUTH, COFFIN! I AM NOT AS TOLERANT AS HE!
YES, WELL... THANK YOU FOR STOP-PING BY. NOW, PLEASE BE GOOD ENOUGH TO DIE.
PHLAAPP!
HUOOF!

AGH! MY HEART...!
I'M SERVING YOU FAIR WARNING, COFFIN. I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, I KNOW WHAT YOU DO!
IT HASN'T TAKEN LONG FOR ME TO SEE THAT MOST OF THE CORRUPTION IN THIS COUNTRY LEADS DIRECTLY TO YOU, AND I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO IT.
COFFIN, YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.
WHAT IS IT WITH THESE SUPREME IDIOTS? IS THERE A CLOWN CAR IN THE SKY SPITTING THESE IMBECILES OUT, ONE AFTER THE OTHER?

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, PRINCESS.
KRASH!
SLOK!!!

LOOK OUT!
AGH!
EEAGHH!
OH!
VERY IMPRESSIVE, PRINCESS VERY IMPRESSIVE
YOU. I WILL KILL PERSONALLY

I TRIED TO REASSURE MYSELF THAT I WAS IN CONTROL BACK THERE. THAT I HAD MADE MY POINT. BUT I COULD FEEL THE ANGER AND HUMILIATION FLUSH MY CHEEKS.
I DON T KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT
I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE LAUGHED AT


I'M ANGRY WITH MYSELF, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO LET SOMEONE LIKE THAT GET TO ME.
AFTER ALL, IN WAR THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO GAIN THE ADVANTAGE OVER YOUR ENEMY. CONTEMPT IS MERELY ANOTHER TACTIC, I KNOW THAT. EVEN SO, IN ALL THE BATTLES I'VE EVER FOUGHT...
.I VE NEVER BEEN LAUGHED AT
MY PRIDE SCREAMS AT ME TO GO BACK THERE, TO TEACH COFFIN A LESSON, TO DESTROY HER AND ALL HER GOONS LIKE ANTS.
BUT THAT'S WHAT SATAN WOULD DO, ISN'T IT?
SO I RUN. I RUN AS HARD AS I CAN UNTIL THE RED MIST BEFORE MY EYES IS WASHED AWAY BY THE WIND THAT SLAPS MY FACE. TRAVELLING FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF SOUND, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM.
LOST IN THOUGHT, I FORGET HOW FAST I'M TRAVELLING AND STOP TOO QUICKLY, BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER RIGHT OVER DOWNTOWN AMBER CITY
KRACKA BOOM!
THINGS LIKE THAT DON'T HELP YOUR IMAGE. I HAVE A LOT TO LEARN.

BUT IT'S BEEN ALMOST A MONTH SINCE SUPREME LEFT ME HERE, AFTER OUR FINAL BATTLE WITH LOKI. AN ENTIRE MONTH.
AND WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHOW FOR IT? WHAT HAVE I ACCOMPLISHED?
NOT MUCH

IT WAS ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO THAT SUPREME AND I BATTLED LOKI. WE FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE SUPREME WHO HAD DEFENDED THIS WORLD FOR DECADES. HE WAS A GOOD MAN, ALMOST A GOD IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE HERE.
HE SAVED MY LIFE.
BUT I COULDN'T SAVE HIS. ALMOST A GOD DOESN'T COUNT IN MATTERS OF THE DEAD.
YOU CAN'T KILL A REAL GOD. BELIEVE ME, WE TRIED. THE BEST WE COULD DO WAS DEFEAT HIM, SEND HIM RUNNING BACK TO THE MISTS AND FIRMAMAENT HE RODE IN ON. BUT IN THE END IT LEFT ME FEELING SO EMPTY SO...GUILTY.
I FELT I OWED SOMETHING TO THE SUPREME WHO DIED FOR ME, I OWED SOMETHING TO THE PEOPLE WHO DEPENDED ON HIM. SO I STAYED BEHIND TO CLAIM HIS WORLD AS MINE, SAYING GOODBYE TO THE MAN WHO IS MY FATHER, MAYBE FOREVER.
I SOON DISCOVERED THAT THE KEEP HAD HARVESTED THIS EARTH YEARS AGO IN A NU-GENE HOLOCAUST THAT SHATTERED THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE. MY PRESENCE TERRIFIED THE POULACE. THEY THINK I WILL BRING ABOUT ANOTHER HOLOCAUST.
FOR ALL I KNOW THEY MAY BE RIGHT

THEN, SOMETHING STRANGE TUGS AT MY HEART. SOMETHING SAD AND DISTANT. LIKE A LOST CHILD CALLING FROM THE BOTTOM OF A WELL
BUT BEFORE I CAN FIGURE IT OUT, MY THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY A SCREAM ON THE STREETS BELOW
MY STREETS
WHAT'S WITH THE GASH, PAL?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THE ONLY GOOD WOMAN IS A DEAD.
LEAVE US ALONE!
DON'T YOU READ THE PAPER, DUDE? MEN ARE BEING OPPRESSED BY WOMEN LIKE HER! RUNNING EVERYTHING TELLING US WHAT TO DO...
THEY RUN THE COUNTRY, MAN! THEY OWN ALL THE FACTORIES, EVERYTHING! AND GUYS LIKE YOU ARE HELPING 'EM DO IT!
SO HAND HER OVER, PAL! IT'S TIME FOR SWEETPEA TO SEE WHAT REAL MEN WANT!
OUTTA THE WAY!
COME ON, SWEETMEAT! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF!

NOOO!
HELP!
EEAAGH!
AARGH!
MY HAND! SOMEBODY BLEW MY FRIKKIN' HAND OFF!
YES, THAT WOULD BE ME.
WHAT THE--?!
JESUS CHRIST!
NO, SORRY, LADY SUPREME.
IF YOU KNEW JESUS YOU WOULDN'T BE IN THE SHADOWS TERRORIZING PEOPLE.
THEN AGAIN, IF YOUR RIGHT HAND CAUSES YOU TO SIN...

DROP YOUR WEAPONS OR DIE
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, YOU SCAB!
IN THE FRACTION OF THE MOMENT BEFORE HE FIRES, I LOOK INTO HIS HEART AND SEE NOTHING. HE IS A DEAD MAN WALKING. I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO
THERE IS NO HOPE WITHIN YOU, DEAD MAN!
AAAAARRGH
THE OTHER PUNK LOSES HIS HEAD AND EMPTIES HIS WEAPON ON MY BODY WHILE I'M DISTRACTED IT REALLY PISSES ME OFF.
AAAGH!
AAAGH!
AAGH!
BUT ALL MY ANGER IS WORTHLESS WHEN A BULLET STRIKES THE WOMAN I AM TRYING TO PROTECT
OH!
MARIA!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

AGAIN, SOMEBODY IS STRUCK DOWN BECAUSE OF ME FIRST SUPREME NOW THIS INNOCENT BYSTANDER
AND FOR A ONE BRIEF MOMENT, IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, I SEE LOKI IN THIS MAN, OR COFFIN. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME, TAUNTING ME KILLING EVERYONE AROUND ME
I DON T REMEMBER THE MOMENT AFTER THAT
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, HE WAS DEAD AND I WASN T SORRY
I DON T KNOW IF IT WAS WRONG TO KILL THIS MAN, AND IF GOD WERE HERE I D ASK HIM ALL I KNOW IS HE WON'T BE MISSED.
APPROACHING SIRENS SIGNAL THAT HELP IS ON THE WAY I LEAVE THE COUPLE IN PEACE SHE'LL BE FINE AND MAYBE NEXT TIME HE'LL RECONSIDER HIS ROUTE HOME
EVEN BEFORE I'VE CLEARED THE ROOF TOPS MY THOUGHTS ARE ON COFFIN I SHOULD GO BACK AND CONFRONT HER. I SHOULD FIND THIS ROBERT SHEFFIELD SHE S LOOKING FOR, FIND OUT WHAT HE HAS THAT

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SO LOST IN THOUGHT THAT YOU DIDN'T NOTICE SOMEBODY STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU?
AND THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT'S LIKE... WHAM! THERE THEY ARE, THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD YOU EXPECTED TO SEE?
GLORY!!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I WOULD HAVE HOPED YOU'D BE ABOVE SUCH PENNY-ANTE BRAWLS, BUT I COME HERE AND FIND YOU SCUFFLING IN AN ALLEY WITH MORTAL MEN...YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!
WHO WILL DEFEND THESE PEOPLE IF I DON'T INTERVENE? THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT ME! I'M ALL ALONE!
EVEN SO, IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF JUSTICE? DO YOU INTEND TO ANIHILATE HALF THE RACE? WHERE IS THE MORALITY IN YOUR ACTIONS? WHERE KIND OF AN EXAMPLE ARE YOU SETTING FOR THESE PEOPLE?!

OH, BUY A CLUE, GLORY!!
HOW DARE YOU COME HERE AND TALK TO ME ABOUT HEROIC EXAMPLE! NO ONE DIED AND MADE YOU QUEEN, GOT IT?
YOU DON'T EVEN RATE AS HALL MONITOR!
IF YOU CAME HERE TO GIVE ME CRAP, THEN YOU CAN JUST GO HOME, GLORY! GO HOME!
YOU ARE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
I WOULD HAVE HOPED TO FIND MORE OF YOUR MOTHER IN YOU
I DON'T HAVE A MOTHER! I'M A TEST TUBE BABY! A FREAK!
I DON'T EVEN HAVE A PROPER NAME!
THAT'S NOT TRUE, YOU HAVE A MOTHER. YOU HAVE A NAME THERE'S MORE TO YOU THAN YOU EVEN REALIZE
HOW DARE YOU TOY WITH ME LIKE THIS!! WHY ARE YOU SUCH AN AUTHORITY ON MY LIFE?

BECAUSE, MY CHILD
I AM YOUR MOTHER
TO BE CONTINUED

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LADY SUPREME™

DIE AND LET DIE

CHAPTER TWO: A CALL TO ARMAGEDDON

Writer
Terry Moore

Art
Craig Wagner & Deodato Studios

Inks
Andrew Pepoy
Norm Rapmund

Colors
Laura Penton

Color Separations
Quantum Color FX

Letterer
Kurt Hathaway

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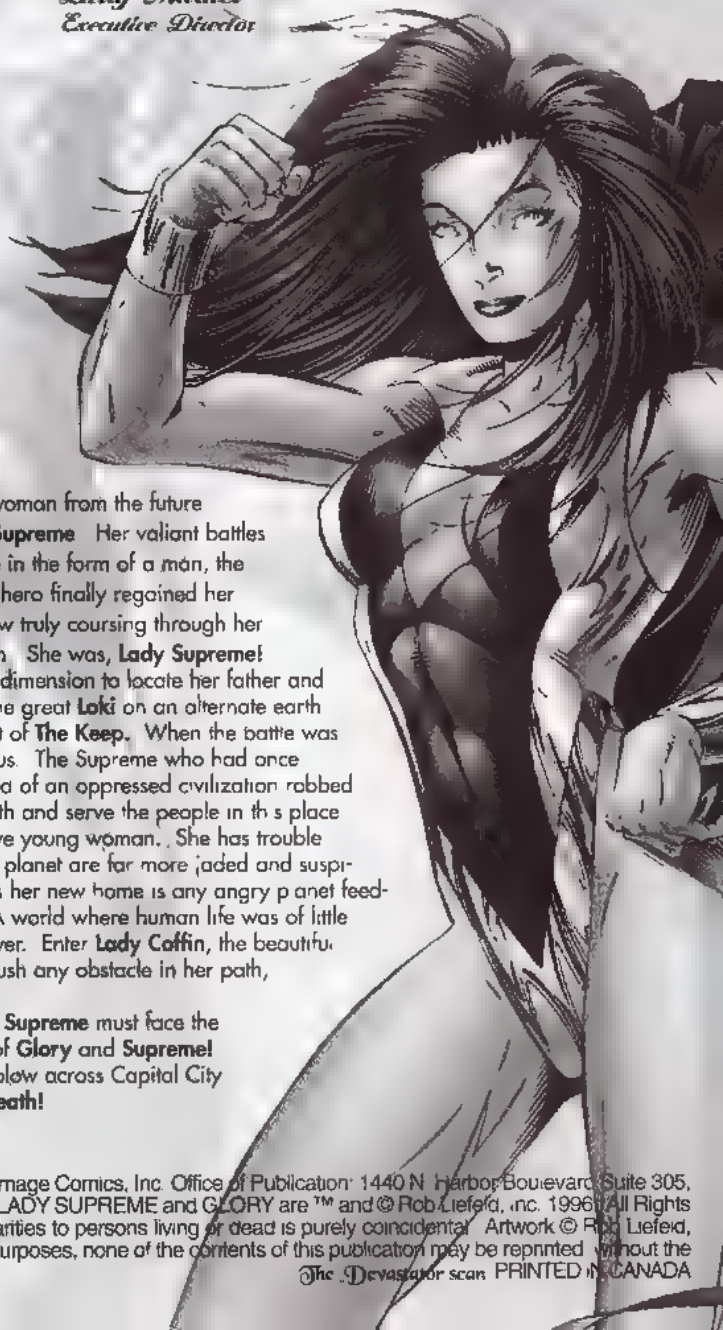

Story So Far

Once she was known as **Probe,** a beautiful woman from the future with psionic powers, a genetic spawn of the awesome **Supreme**. Her valiant battles led her to our earth, our time, and left her trapped here in the form of a man, the **Supreme** man. Struggling to find her own identity, our hero finally regained her female form but found her father's blood and power now truly coursing through her veins. She was no longer simply **Probe**, she was reborn. She was, **Lady Supreme!**

As **Lady Supreme**, she journeyed to another dimension to locate her father and found herself in mortal combat alongside him against the great **Loki** on an alternate earth that had fallen prey to the devastating Nu-Gene harvest of **The Keep.** When the battle was done, only **Lady Supreme** and her father stood victorious. The Supreme who had once guarded this alternate earth was dead. Feeling the need of an oppressed civilization robbed of its hero, **Lady Supreme** elected to remain on this earth and serve the people in this place.

But things haven't gone smoothly for the brave young woman. She has trouble adjusting to her new home and finds the people on this planet are far more jaded and suspicious than she expected. **Lady Supreme** soon discovers her new home is any angry planet feeding on the greed and hatred of unlimited technology. A world where human life was of little value to the dark and endless ambitions of those in power. Enter **Lady Coffin**, the beautiful ruler of a vast technological empire who is willing to crush any obstacle in her path, including **Lady Supreme.**

Then, when she's paid a visit by **Glory, Lady Supreme** must face the shocking revelation that she is the biological daughter of **Glory** and **Supreme!**

In the meantime, a northern wind begins to blow across Capital City. The wind of tomorrow that brings with it change and **death!**

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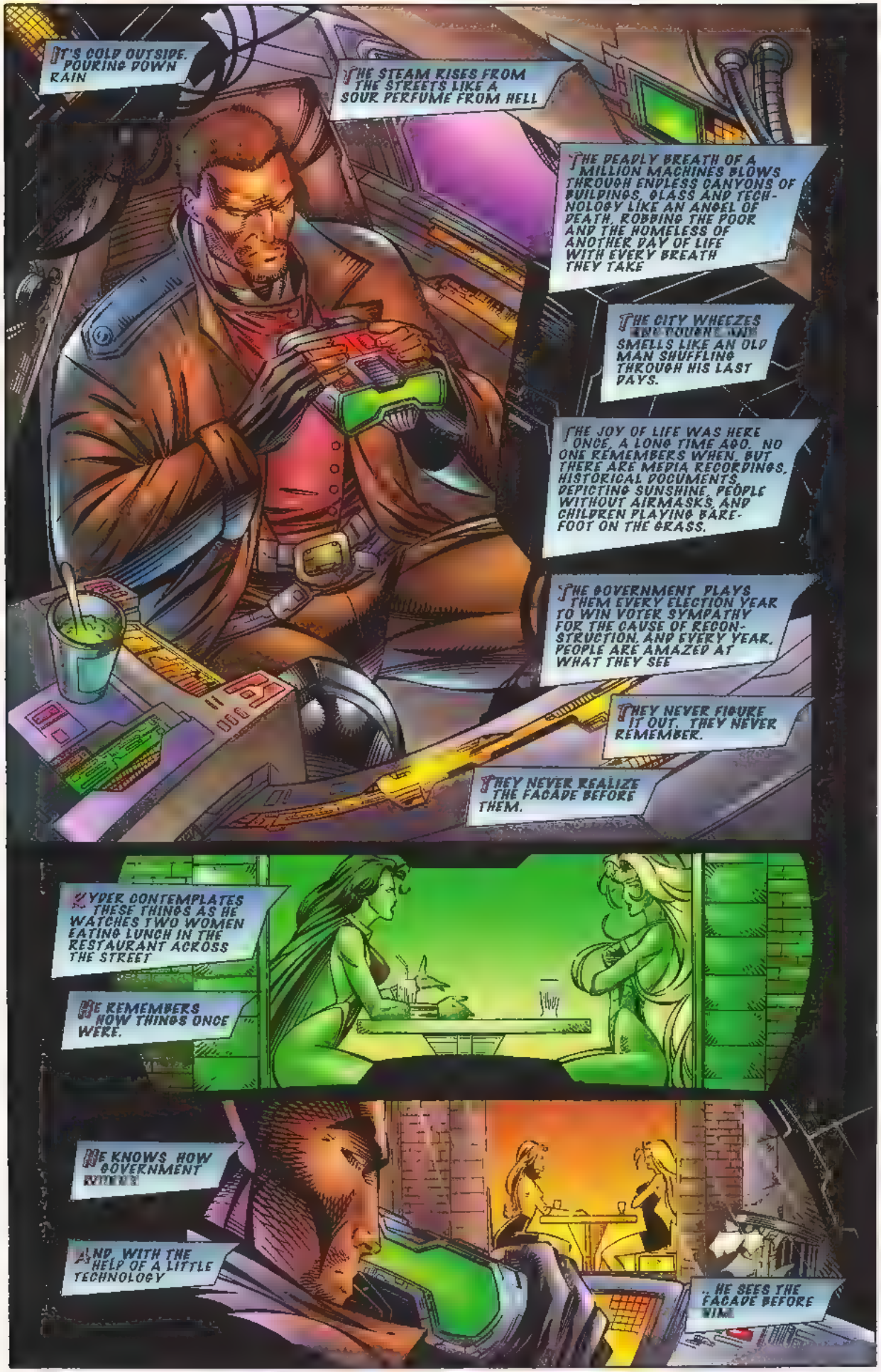

It's cold outside. Pouring down rain
The steam rises from the streets like a sour perfume from hell
The deadly breath of a million machines blows through endless canyons of buildings, glass and technology like an angel of death, robbing the poor and the homeless of another day of life with every breath they take
The city wheezes and coughs and smells like an old man shuffling through his last days.
The joy of life was here once, a long time ago. No one remembers when, but there are media recordings, historical documents, depicting sunshine, people without airmasks, and children playing barefoot on the grass.
The government plays them every election year to win voter sympathy for the cause of reconstruction. And every year, people are amazed at what they see
They never figure it out. They never remember.
They never realize the facade before them.
Kyder contemplates these things as he watches two women eating lunch in the restaurant across the street
He remembers how things once were.
He knows how government works
And, with the help of a little technology
.. he sees the facade before him.

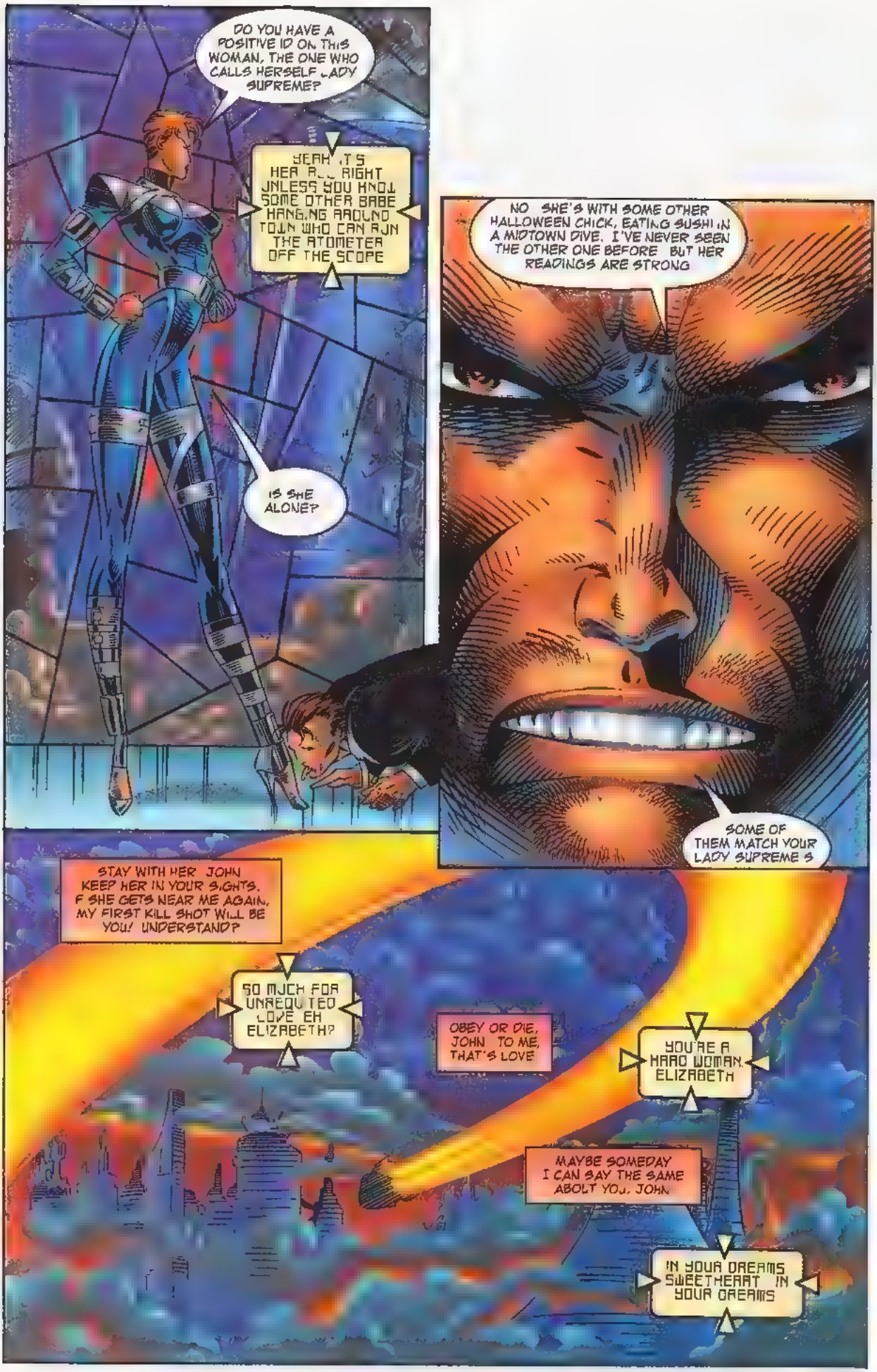
He puts the military issue auranoculars aside and flips a switch beside his knee.
Pulling back slowly on the shift gate, he checks the area scope in front of him to make sure the air above him is clear.
The Devon 4 was capable of almost Mach one, and in the past, when it really counted, the old girl had given Ryder that and more
Ryder was not a sentimental man and he would take the hand off any man who accused him of such, but he felt a certain loyalty to the aging vehicle and gingerly lifted her off the pavement like a father would a child
Ryder watched the two women in the window as he hovered quietly above the street. They continued to talk intensely between themselves, completely oblivious to their sentry
Good
Outside, the rain fell in mists that stung the faces of the wretched masses that walked beneath their metal umbrellas and gasped for hope
Ryder has long ago given them up for dead.
The city was a cancer, killing everybody trapped inside her skirts. Nothing could be done for these people. It was the next generation everyone was concerned about.
In a way, that only made his job easier.
In his weaker moments, Ryder thought of himself not so much as an assassin, but as a transitionist
In his stronger moments, Ryder didn't think at all

RYDER SCOOPED UP THE LAST OF THE SWEET AND SOUR SOUP HE'D GRABBED ON THE WAY AND TRIED TO CLEAR HIS HEAD
MOVING THE MATCHING PAIR OF ACCELERATORS, HE EASED THE TURBINES INTO GEAR.
RATED SWEET AND SOUR SOUP
THE DEVON 4 ROSE QUIETLY WITH THE STEAM AND SMOKE ABOVE THE PEDESTRIANS AND CARS BELOW. NO ONE LOOKED UP THEY NEVER DO.
AS THE DEVON 4 AUTOGLIDED STEADILY UPWARD, RYDER PUNCHED IN A 4 DIGIT CODE THAT SCRAMBLED INTO A HEXADECIMAL EQUATION THAT LOOPED ENDLESSLY IN MICROWAVE SPACE UNTIL A MATHEMATICAL SEARCH PARTY PICKED UP AND PAIRED IT WITH A SHORT FORMULA THAT RESOLVED THE LOOP AND OFFERED IT TO THE MEDIA GATEWAY OF A PRIVATE OFFICE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN
A LIFETIME OF CYBERSPACE THE BLINK IN AN EYE FOR RYDER
AS ROUTINE, THE CALL WAS ANSWERED BY SILENCE. RYDER SPOKE TERSELY, IMPATIENTLY.
RYDER HERE
THERE WAS A MULTIPLEX OF BEEPS AND BLIPS AS HIS CALL WAS CONNECTED. RYDER KNEW BY THE TIME HE WAS CONNECTED HIS VOICE WOULD HAVE BEEN ANALYZED AND MATCHED, HIS EXACT COORDINATES PLOTTED AND HIS PRECIOUS DEVON 4 LOCKED INTO THE LASER SIGHTS OF AN ATTACK SATELLITE HOVERING 80 MILES ABOVE HIM IN SPACE
ALL THE MORE REASON TO RESENT THE ULTRA-RICH
RYDER? IT'S RODNEY WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR US?
I THINK I'VE FOUND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

YOU HAVE THE LADY SUPREME?
LISTEN, RYDER, DON'T LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT! UNDERSTAND? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW DANGEROUS SHE IS!
DON'T HAVE HER BUT NOW WE GOT A MAKE ON HER SHE CAN'T HIDE
YOU DON'T PAY ME ENOUGH TO BE A BABYSITTER PAL WHEN YOU WANT HER WAXED YOU LET ME KNOW
RYDER? RYDER!! LISTEN TO ME! YOU LOSE HER AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! YOU HEAR ME?!
YOU ARE BORING ME RODNEY IT'S TIME FOR MY NAP

RYDER! YOU PSYCHOTIC BAST--!
JOHN? IT'S COFFIN
YOUR BOYTOY IS BEGINNING TO PISS ME OFF, ELIZABETH. MAYBE YOU OUGHTA SWITCH TO SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS NERED
YOU KNOW ME, JOHN. I LIKE THEM A LITTLE TWISTED. THEY'RE SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING
WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU, ELIZABETH. JUST KEEP 'EM OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET

BUT THAT'S HALF THE FUN OF IT, JOHN
THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE THEY SHOULD BE
YOU'RE A SICK WOMAN, ELIZABETH
COME TELL ME TO MY FACE, JOHN. COME TELL ME TO MY FACE!
HEH HEH NOT A CHANCE SWEETHEART I'D RATHER ADMIRE YOU FROM AFAR!
WHAT A PITY.


DO YOU HAVE A POSITIVE ID ON THIS WOMAN, THE ONE WHO CALLS HERSELF LADY SUPREME?
YEAH, IT'S HER ALL RIGHT UNLESS YOU KNOW SOME OTHER BABE HANGING AROUND TOWN WHO CAN RUN THE ATOMETER OFF THE SCOPE
IS SHE ALONE?
NO SHE'S WITH SOME OTHER HALLOWEEN CHICK, EATING SUSHI IN A MIDTOWN DIVE. I'VE NEVER SEEN THE OTHER ONE BEFORE BUT HER READINGS ARE STRONG
SOME OF THEM MATCH YOUR LADY SUPREME'S
STAY WITH HER JOHN KEEP HER IN YOUR SIGHTS. IF SHE GETS NEAR ME AGAIN, MY FIRST KILL SHOT WILL BE YOU! UNDERSTAND?
SO MUCH FOR UNREQUITED LOVE EH ELIZABETH?
OBEY OR DIE, JOHN TO ME, THAT'S LOVE
YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN, ELIZABETH
MAYBE SOMEDAY I CAN SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU, JOHN
IN YOUR DREAMS SWEETHEART IN YOUR DREAMS

OKAY, LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS STRAIGHT
YOU AND SUPREME...Uh, FATHER, FINALLY GOT TOGETHER AFTER CENTURIES OF MAKING GOO-GOO EYES AT EACH OTHER
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT, YES.
AND YOU HAD A CHILD ME!

SO I'M NOT A TEST TUBE BABY LIKE THE REST OF STAR GUARD. I'M NOT A SCIENTIFIC FREAK!
NO CHILD YOU RE OUR DAUGHTER!
YOU HAVE MY BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS. SUPREME'S BLOOD. THAT'S WHY YOUR BODY WENT INTO SHOCK AND TOOK SUPREME'S FORM WHEN YOU AND VAL-EN WERE ALMOST KILLED
THAT'S WHY YOUR FEMALE FORM BECAME SUPREME WHEN DIABOLIQUE'S SPELL LIFTED.
THIS IS WHO YOU ARE. THIS IS WHO YOU REALLY WERE ALL ALONG
YOU'VE JUST MATURED, THAT'S ALL. YOU'VE F.NALLY GROWN UP
ARE YOU TELLING ME THE LAST FEW YEARS OF MY LIFE, ALL THE HELL I'VE BEEN THROUGH.
THAT WAS JUST PUBERTY?!
HEY! NO ONE EVER SAID IT WAS EASY!

BE CAREFUL HERE, MY CHILD I'VE TRIED TO WATCH OVER YOU THE BEST I CAN. BUT YOU'RE SO FAR AWAY HERE IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN..!
DON'T WORRY, MOTHER I'LL BE OKAY. I AM SUPREME, AFTER ALL THAT SHOULD COUNT FOR SOMETHING
NO ONE'S AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN, CHILD JUST REMEMBER THAT, OKAY?
IF YOU NEED ME, CALL ME CALL ME WITH YOUR HEART, I'LL KNOW!
MOTHER . THANK YOU. THANK YOU FOR EVERY-THING
I HAVE ONLY TO LOOK AT YOU, CHILD, AND I KNOW IT WAS ALL WORTH-WHILE
GOODBYE

IT HIT ME LIKE A BLOW TO THE STOMACH THE MINUTE SHE DISAPPEARED. IN ALL THE CONVERSATION ABOUT WHO I WAS AND WHERE I CAME FROM...
I FORGOT TO ASK MY NAME
THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME FOR THE FIRST TIME HOW TRULY ALONE I WAS
BUT THE SUN GOES UP. THE SUN GOES DOWN. IT RAINS. IT DOESN'T RAIN. THERE'S A CYCLE TO LIFE. AND EVEN A CHILD OF THE GODS CAN'T ESCAPE CERTAIN REALITIES
THIS IS WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE FOR NOW
THIS PLANET. THESE PEOPLE. THEY NEED ME. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT. ALL THAT MATTERS IS I'M HERE. AND DEEP INSIDE I KNOW MY FAMILY'S COUNTING ON ME!
I HAVE A JOB TO DO.
AND MAYBE. SOMEDAY
IF I'M LUCKY.
I CAN GO HOME.

I WALK THE STREETS FOR HOURS, LOST IN THOUGHT
I FEEL THE HOPELESS-NESS OF THE PEOPLE WALKING BY AND IT PULLS ON MY HEART
HOW CAN I HELP THEM?
HOW CAN I GIVE THEM THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF THE WORLDS AROUND THEM?
HOW CAN I UNDO DECADES OF OPPRESSION AND DEPRIVATION?
HOW CAN I SAVE THE WORLD?

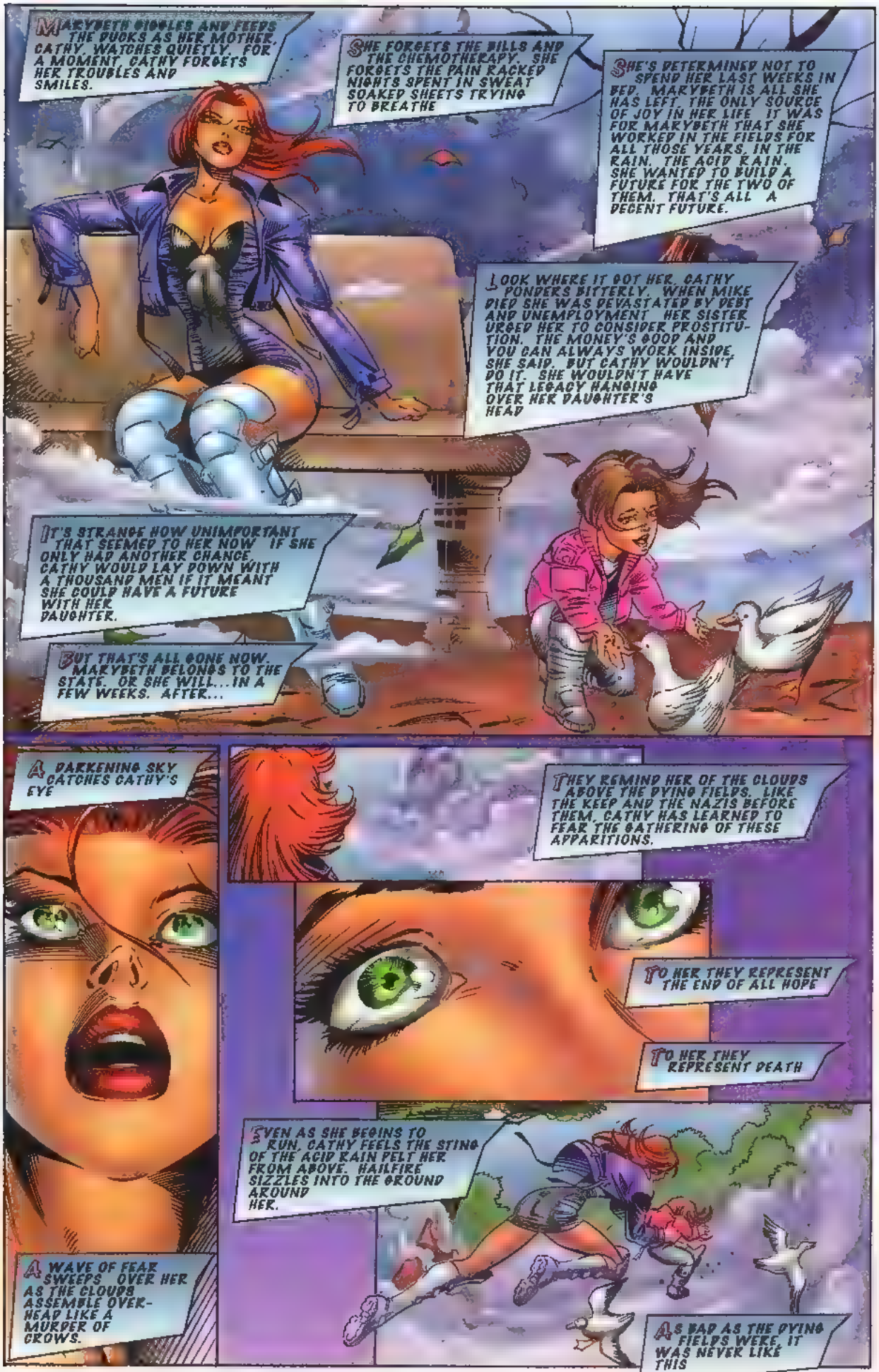
STUPID
SOMETIMES I CAN BE SO STUPID
I'M WALKING AROUND THINKING I CAN SAVE THE WORLD AND DON'T EVEN REALIZE I'M BEING FOLLOWED WITH ALL MY PSYCHIC POWERS ..STUPID!
I KEEP WALKING HEAD DOWN
I GUESS I WAS SO LOST IN THOUGHT I JUST TUNED EVERYTHING ELSE OUT. REAL SMART, GIRL
I SCAN THE STREETS AROUND ME WITH MY SENSES BUT CAN'T PICK UP ANYTHING. WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?
I STOP TO BUY A PAPER AND STUDY EVERY WINDOW, EVERY ALLEY, IN A GLANCE
NOTHING
I RELAX AND LET MY SENSES TAKE OVER. SOMETHING TELLS ME TO LOOK UP..
GOTCHA!

MY FATHER WOULD HAVE BOLTED UPWARD AND NABBED THE SPY IN A HEARTBEAT. BUT THEN, HE USUALLY KNEW WHO HE WAS FIGHTING
I HAVE HIM NOW. THERE'S NOWHERE HE CAN HIDE. I HEAR THE TURBINES IN HIS VEHICLE, THE RUSTLE OF HIS JACKET, THE [illegible]TING OF HIS HEART
ME, I WALK ON, LETTING MY PARASITE THINK HE'S HIDDEN IN THE SKY ABOVE ME.
AND THE NEXT TIME HE REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIORS
I'LL HEAR THE VOICE OF MY ENEMY
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHILD? ARE YOU LOST? ARE YOU HURT?

I CAN'T FIND MY HOME!
DON'T CRY. I'LL HELP
HE HITS ME BEFORE I CAN EVEN FINISH THE SENTENCE
AGAIN, STUPID
I JUST DON'T PAY ATTENTION. I'M SO EASILY DISTRACTED.
IT MAKES ME MAD, AND IN MY ANGER I LET GO OF MY DISGUISE. THE ONE I WEAR TO TRY TO BLEND IN BECAUSE I FINALLY REALIZE I NEVER WILL.
I GUESS THAT'S MY POINT. I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BLEND IN. I'M SUPPOSED TO STAND OUT. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A LEADER.
I'VE GOT TO PUT MY FEELINGS ASIDE AND QUIT FEELING LONESOME AND SORRY FOR MYSELF. HAVING SUPER ACUTE SENSES AND PSIONIC POWERS MAKES ME FEEL THINGS SO STRONGLY I CAN CRIPPLE MYSELF.
IT'S A HARD LESSON, ONE I'LL TRY NEVER TO FORGET

CHANNEL THREE'S STILL AHEAD OF US IN THE RATINGS, LADY SPENCER'S REALLY PUTTING THE PRESSURE ON US TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING BIG TO TURN IT AROUND
HOW ABOUT THAT PIECE WE DID LAST WEEK ON INSIDER TRADING?
NOT BIG ENOUGH
WHAT ABOUT THE PIECE ON CONGRESSIONAL GRAFT?
BORING!
SPENCER WANTS SOMETHING NOBODY ELSE HAS, AND WHO CAN BLAME HER? IT'S ALL ABOUT RATINGS JAMIE!
I KNOW, I KNOW! "PLAY TO THE COMMON DENOMINATOR" NOT A VERY ADMIRABLE MOTTO, IF YOU ASK ME
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, HOT-SHOT, WHEN YOU GET YOUR OWN STATION YOU CAN RUN IT YOUR WAY
GOOD LORD!!

WHAT IS T BEN?
I WAS JUST RUNNING THE STANDARD ATMOSPHERIC CHECK FOR THE WEATHER TONIGHT AND THIS SHOWED UP!
WHAT IS IT?
"I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S HUGE AND COMING N FAST!"
IS IT A METEOR SHOWER?
IT LOOKS LIKE A STORM
IT'S A HELLUVA STORM. BUT COMING FROM OUTER SPACE?


MARYBETH GIGGLES AND FEEDS THE DUCKS AS HER MOTHER, CATHY, WATCHES QUIETLY. FOR A MOMENT, CATHY FORGETS HER TROUBLES AND SMILES.
SHE FORGETS THE BILLS AND THE CHEMOTHERAPY. SHE FORGETS THE PAIN RACKED NIGHTS SPENT IN SWEAT SOAKED SHEETS TRYING TO BREATHE
SHE'S DETERMINED NOT TO SPEND HER LAST WEEKS IN BED. MARYBETH IS ALL SHE HAS LEFT. THE ONLY SOURCE OF JOY IN HER LIFE. IT WAS FOR MARYBETH THAT SHE WORKED IN THE FIELDS FOR ALL THOSE YEARS, IN THE RAIN. THE ACID RAIN. SHE WANTED TO BUILD A FUTURE FOR THE TWO OF THEM. THAT'S ALL. A DECENT FUTURE.
LOOK WHERE IT GOT HER, CATHY PONDERS BITTERLY. WHEN MIKE DIED SHE WAS DEVASTATED BY DEBT AND UNEMPLOYMENT. HER SISTER URGED HER TO CONSIDER PROSTITUTION. THE MONEY'S GOOD AND YOU CAN ALWAYS WORK INSIDE, SHE SAID. BUT CATHY WOULDN'T DO IT. SHE WOULDN'T HAVE THAT LEGACY HANGING OVER HER DAUGHTER'S HEAD
IT'S STRANGE HOW UNIMPORTANT THAT SEEMED TO HER NOW. IF SHE ONLY HAD ANOTHER CHANCE, CATHY WOULD LAY DOWN WITH A THOUSAND MEN IF IT MEANT SHE COULD HAVE A FUTURE WITH HER DAUGHTER.
BUT THAT'S ALL GONE NOW. MARYBETH BELONGS TO THE STATE. OR SHE WILL... IN A FEW WEEKS. AFTER...
A DARKENING SKY CATCHES CATHY'S EYE
THEY REMIND HER OF THE CLOUDS ABOVE THE DYING FIELDS. LIKE THE KEEP AND THE NAZIS BEFORE THEM, CATHY HAS LEARNED TO FEAR THE GATHERING OF THESE APPARITIONS.
TO HER THEY REPRESENT THE END OF ALL HOPE
TO HER THEY REPRESENT DEATH
A WAVE OF FEAR SWEEPS OVER HER AS THE CLOUDS ASSEMBLE OVERHEAD LIKE A MURDER OF CROWS.
EVEN AS SHE BEGINS TO RUN, CATHY FEELS THE STING OF THE ACID RAIN PELT HER FROM ABOVE. HAILFIRE SIZZLES INTO THE GROUND AROUND HER.
AS BAD AS THE DYING FIELDS WERE, IT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

WITH HER LAST BREATH, CATHY RUNS. NOT FOR HERSELF, BUT FOR MARYBETH. IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS. PLEASE DON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS!
SHE RUNS THROUGH THE PARK, THE RAIN SEARING HER BACK. MARYBETH'S CRIES ARE DROWNED OUT BY THE SCREAMS OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE AROUND THEM RUNNING FOR SHELTER.
BUT THERE IS NO SHELTER FROM THE STORM. THE FIRE FALLS AND PIERCES EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES, IGNITING TREES AND BRICK.
THEY RUN, BUT THEY CANNOT HIDE.
AND STILL IT COMES.
THE STORM ROLLS THROUGH THE BUILDINGS AND BEGINS TO SLIDE DOWN BETWEEN THEM TOWARDS THE STREET. THE SCREAMS OF THE PEOPLE BELOW ARE SWALLOWED IN ITS THUNDER.

THE STORM SETTLES ON THE STREETS LIKE A HOVERCRAFT, HURLING CARS AND PEOPLE FROM ITS PATH WITH HURRICANE FORCE.
THOSE WHO CAN RUN, DO. THOSE WHO CAN'T, WATCH AND PRAY THAT SOMEHOW THIS EVIL WILL PASS OVER THEM.
AND IN THE MIDST OF CHAOS, SOMETHING STRANGE BEGINS TO HAPPEN.
FOR SOME, A FIGURE BEGINS TO REVEAL ITSELF WITHIN THE STORM. THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN, A GOLDEN WARRIOR WHO STANDS TALL AND FRIGHTENED IN HER FEROCITY. SHE HOLDS A MASSIVE, GOLDEN SWORD THAT SWAYS EVER SO SLIGHTLY IN HER WINDS LIKE AN ANIMAL READY TO POUNCE

BUT MANY OTHERS SEE NOTHING! THE STORM RAGES ON. THE FIERY CLOUD AND WINDS OFFERING NO ANSWERS TO THE FEAR THAT FILLS THEIR HEARTS.
FOR THOSE WHO SEE ONLY THE FIERY CLOUD, THERE IS NO EXPLANATION FOR THE SCREAMS AROUND THEM AS ONE PERSON HERE AND ANOTHER THERE BEGIN TO POINT AND CRY OUT TO THE CLOUD FOR MERCY.
SO, FOR SOME, WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS CALLED AN EARTHQUAKE. BUT THOSE WHO COULD SEE THE FIGURE SAID IT WAS WORSE THAN THAT.
THEY SAID IT WAS THE CALL TO ARMAGEDDON.
I...AM...
MANASSA!

I COME FOR SUPREME!
DELIVER HER TO ME NOW, OR I WILL STRIKE THIS PLANET DEAD BEFORE THE NIGHT FALLS UPON YOU!!
TO BE CONTINUED